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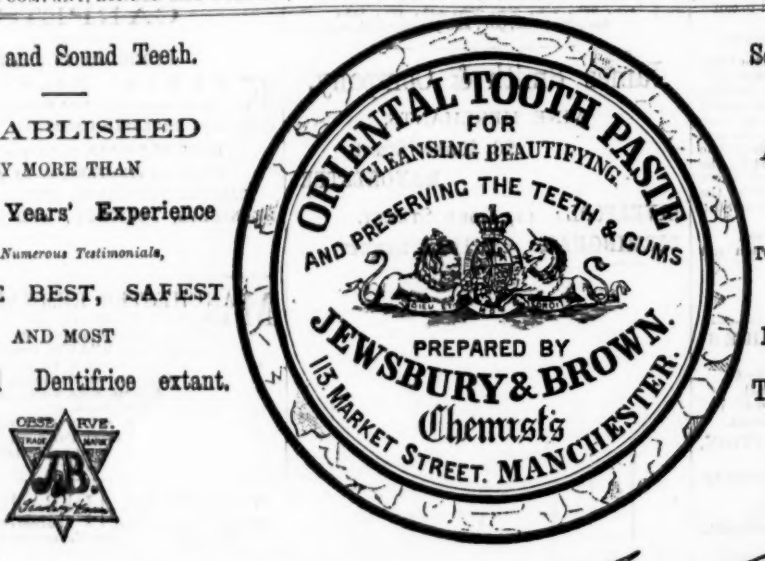

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OLD FRIENDS AND NEW FACES.

As a wit said of an English summer, the season at Belle Vue has set in with its customary severity. The attendance of visitors has been as large and promiscuous as usual, but ample accommodation has been provided, suitable for all weathers. Cold March winds and days of sultry and almost tropical heat have alternately prevailed. On the day of our recent visit, the afternoon was so cold that many of the animals from hot climates retired prudently to the straw in their inner apartments. Even the polar bears seemed to relish their water-tank less than usual, but within the last week baths have been in great demand. The consumption of comestibles and combustibles has been, as usual, immense. Veal pies, ham sandwiches, bread and butter, ices, bitter beer, porter, lemonade, and pop have gone the way of all such edible and drinkable matter, and there has been an unlimited supply of green stuff, which forms so large a concomitant of Belle Vue teas. The flower gardens have been extended; but an additional kitchen garden, which, to our thinking, forms a special feature of Belle Vue, has been made, although we should suppose that the supply grown within the Gardens falls far short of the demand, which must be in a great measure supplied from without. A Belle Vue tea would be nothing without the usual salad :—

> Away ye gay landscapes and gardens of roses,
> In you let the minions of luxury rove;
> Restore me the onion, so fragrant to noses,
> The lettuce, the cress, and the radish I love.

The heights of Abyssinia have been metamorphosed into the rocks and city of Quebec as it was at the time of its capture by the British troops; and judging from the appearance of the mimic city, the British troops must have had a pretty tough job in hand when they succeeded in capturing it. Lord Napier has returned to India, and General Wolfe is once more the hero of the hour. As Sir Walter Scott said of Melrose Abbey,—

> He that would see Melrose aright,
> Should see it by the pale moonlight.

He afterwards admitted that he himself had never witnessed the ruins by the light of the moon; but that is not of much consequence. In like manner, we suppose he that would see Quebec properly, and the storming thereof, should see it after dark. Our visit, however, accompanied, as we were, by two juvenile Sphinxes, who were anxious to renew their acquaintance with some of the camels and other friends of their native desert, lay more with the animals, and

> The Belle Vue birds, the bears, and 'coons,
> We like to see on afternoons.

We found almost all our old friends in excellent condition and well provided for. The lioness presented her lord and master with three cubs some months since. Two of them reside with their parents in the large lion-house, and are still tied to their mother's apron-strings, their education not having got beyond the nursery yet. Their sire takes not the slightest notice of them, although they occasionally pull his whiskers. Like other children they indulge in a good deal of rough-and-tumble sort of play, and occasionally fall out and have a shindy. Mamma seems to think no end of her cubs, but sometimes administers a judicious box on the ear. Like a sensible beast, however, the "stern male parient" never interferes, but is doubtless biding his time, when he will take them in hand. The contempt with which this Potentate surveys the human beings who come to gaze at him is something wonderful to see. The third cub, like Pip in Dickens's *Great Expectations*, is "brought up by hand." It seems to have affected his spirits, and he is precociously old. Already his whiskers have begun to appear, and we believe without any extraneous aid in the shape of grease from the neighbouring bear-pit. He has been sent to school, and lives in a small compartment with a white English terrier, who acts as his fag, and seems rather to like the job. Master cubby seems to be forming his demeanour on the style of his sire, and taking him for his model. He is as sedate and dignified as a school-boy who has donned his first chimney-pot hat. The terrier was restless and fidgetty, and barked a good deal at visitors. The cub, however, during the whole time of our inspection never moved a muscle, but lay with his head resting on his forepaws and his eyes gazing into space. He is evidently imbued with the principles and sentiments of his sire; but what school of politics he may ultimately adopt it would be premature to speculate upon. We believe, however, he is graduating at present in the principles of non-intervention, and is entirely opposed to the meddling and mischievous policy of the monkeys and hyenas adjoining.

The aviary, containing a large number of small birds of every variety of plumage, is one of the prettiest sights in the Gardens. They are as busy as bees, building all manner of curiously-constructed nests and bathing and drinking at the fountains of clear water, and seem to be as jocund as if they were in their native groves. The bear pits are a great source of attraction, and invariably draw a large number of spectators. The old brown bear, with the maimed and distorted paw, seemed to be in a very misanthropic and hypochondriac frame of mind. He sat upon his haunches for a long time without moving, and looked anything but amiable. His companion, however, was particularly agile and active, and made strenuous exertions to reach the parapet, from which a few small boys were looking down into the pit, and we don't think he would have objected to a falling market in the shape of a plump urchin, like his namesake on the Stock Exchange. The two white polar bears in the adjoining pit held their usual levee, and received numerous presentations, in the form of fragments of bread and meat. The way they take a header into the water is equal to Myles-na-Coppaleen himself, when he plunged to the rescue of the Colleen Bawn.

Extremes meet, and at the other side of the Gardens are the quarters of those other speculators, the bulls. Here is to be found that great bull of Bashan, the huge Bison of the prairies, chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies, as he contemplates the rise in the price of hay. Judging from the quantity which he contrives to put out of sight within his prodigious carcass, he has evidently been securing a lot in case of a rise. He seems to be always making unavailing efforts to change his coat. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots; but this bovine Behemoth appears to be always in a transition state as regards his costume, and looks like a seedy person in summer costume, as regards his lower extremities, with a muffler round his neck and an old yellow great coat or wrapper over his shoulders. Whether the buffalo's hump is as good eating as tradition says it is, we cannot say experimentally; but if this excresence were removed from the bull's back by a surgical operation, under chloroform, we should say that it would help to replenish the Messrs. Jennisons' larder for a considerable time.

Not far from the Haymarket Company—we don't allude to Mr. Buckstone's corps in Peter Street, but to the Bisons and Bonassus—is the establishment of two oriental denizens, a camel and an elephant. The great Zagazious, as *Punch's* Zomerzetzhire countrymen interpreted a relative's name, described outside the show as the Great Sagacious—Miss Sagacity, for she is a female, has grown considerably since last year. She is a stickler for women's rights, and has a will of her own. Whether her owners have ever put her to any hard work further than exhibiting the graces of her person at so much a head, we cannot exactly say. She is a great advocate for mendicancy as one of her privileges, and refuses no eleemosynary contributions in the shape of gingerbread, crusts of bread, or nuts; and when nothing else is forthcoming, she does not exactly sell her bed like Margery Daw, but coolly proceeds to eat it. She has a coffee-mill attached to her apartment, so, perhaps, she really does something for her living. She is not exactly adapted by nature for crochet, or tatting, or making lace, neither is she expressly cut out for charing, although she can go on her knees; but we should think she might be used occasionally for some sorts of rough field labour, where strength and muscular exertion is required. The Duke of Edinburgh is bringing home with him a young elephant, presented to him by some Eastern nabob or other. The jolly tars of the *Galatea* thought they would make some use of His Highness; we don't mean

the Prince, but the elephant. Accordingly, after a little training, they contrived to make him do the greatest share of taking in a cargo of coal, and the elephant, who is destined for the Regent's Park collection, has earned his wages and daily allowance.

We looked for our old acquaintance, the mottled seal, in his former quarters—the lake in front of the City of Quebec, or as we should rather call it, on this occasion, the river St. Lawrence—but he was not there, and subsequently we came upon him in one of the long range of compartments near the water-fowl and the new maze. Here he was enjoying himself in a water-tank, with a companion. The latter came out of the pit, and kept rolling itself on the sand, and then bobbing round the place on its stomach, like a great bladder or india-rubber ball, in the most ludicrous manner possible. Finally old Motley came out of the tank also, which cost him a considerable effort; but so far from joining his companion at high jinks, he coolly stretched himself on his side, and went off to sleep, literally as soon as winking. In this range of building there are innumerable birds, cassowaries, eagles, vultures, golden and silver pheasants, ostriches, pelicans of the wilderness, and more aviaries of small birds of brilliant plumage. As the old lady used to say, when showing visitors round the Museum in Peter Street, "Oo can paint like natur'? Can imagination, with all her varied fancies, paint in 'ues like these?"

SANCHO'S WALLET.

By Edwin Waugh.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.—Moore.

(Unsophisticated speculator meets his friend Tom.)

Tom.—Well, Joe; I'm towd thou's joined this new company.

Joe.—I have that—to some tune.

Tom.—They're noan doin' so weel, I believe.

Joe.—They're doin' *me* weel; I know that.

Tom.—Thae'rt one o' th' directors, artn't tho?

Joe.—Well; at th' first, they made me into what they co'n, a *sleepin' partner—but they wakkent me up——soon, at after!*

STRUGGLING VIRTUE.

An' he that would liefer drink wayter
Shall never be stinted by me.—God Bless These Poor Folks.

(Sam meets his teetotal friend, Ben.)

Sam.—How arto gettin' on wi' this cowd wayter dooment o' thine, Ben?

Ben.—What, teetotalism?

Sam.—Ay,—th' pump religion, I co' it.

Ben.—Oh, it does very weel for me. Thou'd better sign, an' be a bro'her.

Sam.—Nay; I'll ha' noan! It may do for thee; thou comes of a co'd lot. But it wouldn't agree wi' me; our breed are o' fuddlers.

Ben.—So mich war (worse) for th' breed, owd lad. But thou met (might) try it a week or two for a start.

Sam.—A week or two! Why, I tried it *three times i' one day*, an' it doesn't do!

LID-PROPS WANTED.

(Country parson to his drowsy parishioner.)

Parson.—Well, Joseph, I saw you at church yesterday; but it grieves me to see you sleep so much during the sermon. Why don't you take a little snuff to keep you awake?

Joseph.—Well, ay, —— but, couldn't yo manage to *put a bit o' snuff into th' sarmon?*

OH, GOOD ALE, THOU ART MY DARLING.

My barmy noddle's working prime.—Burns.

(Two thirsty souls, meeting.)

Tim.—How go, Jack?

Jack.—Primely, owd lad!

Tim.—I think thou'rt upo' th' wamble a bit, bi th' look on tho—artn'to?

Jack.—Vigh, I am, owd brid! Eh, I geet some o'th best ale th' last neet that ever laid th' dust in a dry neck! I'd nobbut about three pints on it, an' *my yed waaches (aches) this mornin' till it fair rives again!*

DEATH IN THE POT.

Drink of this cup; you'll find there's a spell in
It's every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality.—Moore.

(Jerry, coming out of the "Half-Moon," where he has been drinking sour ale, meets his friend Enoch, who is looking ill.)

Jerry.—What's up, Enoch; thae looks ill?

Enoch.—I'm trouble't wi' th' worms.

Jerry.—Hasto taen nought for 'em?

Enoch.—Yigh; o' maks o' stuff. But these are of a strung breed; they're bad to kill.

Jerry.—Well; I'll tell tho what to do.

Enoch.—Well.

Jerry.—Go thi ways into th' "Hauve-Moon" yon, an get about three pints o' their ale; an' *if it doesn't kill th' worms*, it'll kill thee!

A SUCKING SATIRIST.

(A flaunting lady teacher, with a long train to her dress, is catechising the scholars at a Sunday School.)

Teacher.—What's the meaning of the word "pride?"

Little Girl.—Please, ma'am, it means *wagglin' your tail when you walk.*

GOOD BYE, SWEETHEART.

(Husband, who is unwell, to his wife, who sits by the bed-side.)

Husband.—Matty, lass; I'm welly (well-nigh) done.

Wife.—Eh, dear lad; let's hupe for better things nor that. Thae'll come round wi' a bit o' care.

Husband.—I never shall.

Wife.—Eh, never name it, lad! Is there aught I can do for tho?

Husband.—Gi' mo thi' hand, lass. Now; thae's bin' a good wife to me; an' there's one thing I want tho to promise, before I goo.

Wife.—Well; what is it, my lad?

Husband.—I want tho to promise that thou'll not get wed again, after I'm gone.

Wife.—Eh, good lorjus days, if that's o' thae wants wi' me, *get forrud wi' thi deein'!*

TWO STRINGS TO THE BOW.

(Country fellow runs up to the station, just in time to see his train depart).

Countryman.—Away wi' th', thae puffin' foo—*I can walk it!*

A LATE SCHOLAR.

Th' poor slave mun tug an' tew wi' th' wark,
Whilever hoo can crawl.—Natterin' Nan.

(Town missionary calls at a cottage, where the housewife is hard at work, cleaning).

T. M.—Well, Betty; you're like Martha, I see—troubled about many things.

Betty.—I know nought how Martha is, but I'am trouble't enough, God knows! What wi' th' weshin', an' th' cookin', an' mendin' stockin's, and doin' for th' childer an' him, an' one thing an' another, I'm up to th' e'en, an' fair moider't (confused) amung it.

T. M.—I hope, however, that, like Mary, you don't neglect the one thing needful.

Betty.—I've no time for no mak' o' foolish talk o' Mary an' her one thing needful. I'd letten th' fire down to th' low'most bar, welly; an' I've nobbut just this minute bet (lighted) it up a bit, an' put th' pon on; an' I lippen on him bein' in to his dinner afore aught's long; an' that's just where it is.

T. M.—Well; I hope, at least, that you keep the commandments.

Betty.—Eh, Lord bless yo'; we'n as mich as we can do to keep er-sel's!

T. M.—Well, Betty, it is my duty to impress upon you the great fact that you have no hope of salvation until you are born again, like Nicodemus.

BETTY.—Like who, say'n yo'?

T. M.—Like Nicodemus. Of course you've heard of him.

BETTY.—Nay; I don't know that I have. Wheer does he wortch at?

(The missionary takes out his Bible, and reads the passage for her; and urges upon her the necessity for a new birth.)

BETTY.—Well, *if I mun be born again, I mun; but I mun do this house up th' first, as how!*

WHAT TO EAT AND HOW TO COOK IT.

A CHAPTER ON PUDDINGS.

HOW often one hears people say "No, I never take pastry,"—people, too, who, in other respects, seem to have as much solicitude for their digestive machinery as the clerk who gives you your railway ticket shows for your safe arrival at your journey's end, or as a bankruptcy official has in your getting a dividend. It seems to us that a general wholesale condemnation like this must arise in a great measure from ignorance of the subject, and is merely an idea—how produced it would be difficult to say—which has become firmly fixed in the speaker's mind, or is a phrase originally imitated from somebody else, or adapted without thought, and ever after repeated with "damnable iteration."

Now, we take pastry to mean meat, fish, or fruit enclosed in a paste of flour, and cooked either by boiling or baking. The boiled affair we have got into the way of calling a pudding, but the pie is, as a rule, baked. We sometimes hear of a pudding being baked, but who ever heard of a boiled pie? There is really only one baked pudding in existence, actual or possible. A baked plum-pudding is merely a plum-cake eaten hot, and a baked gooseberry pudding a pie with a sub-lying crust. The exception, then, is the Yorkshire pudding. Whether this light, agreeable, and wholesome compound—institution one might almost call it—is the cause or the effect of that pregnant wit and racy satire, which distinguishes the country from Pendle to Flamborough Head, it would be difficult to decide. This pudding is only properly cooked when baked with the dripping of the meat then roasting, and afterwards eaten with it. Don't trust any extemporised article of the kind, or even allow yourself to be persuaded to eat it alone.

If we were called upon to say what it is which distinguishes the English school of cookery from all others, we should reply—the pudding. Pudding is an almost exclusively national dish; and being so, it seems surprising how little the fact is known that boiled paste is more wholesome than that which is baked. There is, of course, one grand distinction to be observed in making paste for boiling; it must be made with suet only; no butter, lard, dripping, or any soft fat must be used, and the suet must be minced so exceedingly fine that it becomes incorporated with the other ingredients, and thenceforward imperceptible. There is such an infinite variety of things which can be made into puddings that it is wonderful they are not more used; and they need so little care, at least after the first trouble in preparing the paste.

Compare a beefsteak pudding with a pie of that ilk, for instance. If the pie-crust be over-baked ever so little, it is at once ill-tasted, rancid, and indigestible; and to prevent this the oven must be watched and the pie examined from time to time, as a Cockney disinters every morning the seeds he has sown, to see if they are growing. If it be kept in the oven after it be done enough, whether from delay in serving the other parts of the dinner, or because "master is late," the crust is burnt and the meat becomes dry and stringy. But you boil a pudding an hour over the appointed time with little or no damage to the internal arrangements, and the paste positively improved. All you have to see to is that there is sufficient water to cover it, and that it be kept boiling. The meat cannot be burnt, for it is never heated beyond boiling point, and none of its juices or aroma can escape, for it dwells, like the gods of Epicurus, in its own atmosphere. Now, this is not a fashionable dish; it forms no part of a "set dinner;" it is essentially one for the ordinary frugal table of those for whom we write. One chief rule to observe is that no meat with the slightest suspicion of taint should be used, and it would be as well to do without the onion, and use a little less seasoning than for a pie. Of course, you can make even a beefsteak pudding in a costly way, with kidneys, oysters, truffles, and what not. We have a remembrance of a tavern dinner, where it formed the only dish; the reckoning was six shillings a head for eatables only, and we are satisfied we were not over-charged. We never met with them good here, out of our own house, but at one place, a restaurant, where we had rarely been satisfied with anything, except, perhaps, the head waiter's attention, and attention is very like port wine, or pictures, or rump-steaks—if you want it good you must pay for it, and quite right too! We don't know whether they do it now, but some little time since you could have a rump-steak pudding at the Cheshire Cheese, one of those old-fashioned chop-houses with a sanded floor, and stout like new milk, near Dr. Johnson's old house in Bolt Court, off Fleet Street, London,—that is if you gave three days' notice, and made no particular bargain about what you were to pay. We have "assisted" at one or two of these affairs, and found that they showed one a good deal more of Nature's truth than vernal impulses from a wood, or all that books, cookery or other, could do.

What we have said as to the steak-pudding will, of course, apply to others of a similar kind. Not only beef but any other meat or bird usually eaten may be used. There are still, we suppose, people who eat lark-puddings, but though intrinsically these are good, we are a declared enemy of the slaughter of small birds, particularly of singing birds. They have their own natural enemies in sufficient number without *our* compassing their destruction; and the little creature who "at heaven's gate sings" will not so completely occupy the ear of Mercy as to drown our fainter aspirations.

But there are puddings and puddings; for besides those of which we have spoken there are two other divisions, fruit-puddings and milk-puddings. Who forgets the delicacy of the red-currant pudding, or the glories of a boiled damson-pudding? The fame of the apple-dumpling has become historic, though it must not be confounded with an apple-pudding. For the dumpling, the apple should be of a goodish size, and be cut in two, so that the core may be taken out, the halves put together and covered with a rather thick paste, and boiled in a cloth. It should by no means be brought to table burst, and should, on being opened, be treated to a small piece of butter, and as much moist sugar as you like. The pudding, made of apples cut up, as if for a pie, and enclosed in a paste, is an inferior edition of the "jockeys." These, when fresh fruit fail, are your only wear for puddings, except preserves. Damsons may be so preserved as to serve nearly as well for a pudding as when fresh, but, otherwise the pudding world is comprised in the roly-poly, dear to youth. We reject the universal English melted-butter with the r. p., and prefer a little cold butter, to melt among the coats and scales. We call to mind with horror fraudulent imitations, made of "corinths," and "raisins of the sun," or even treacle. We have often been shocked at the way children are deceived, but the parent who would —— but the subject is too painful to continue.

There is, however, an old-fashioned, substantial kind of pudding, like an apple dumpling without the apple, a sort of supra-lapsarian pudding—we mean the suet pudding. Of course, this may be made in a repulsive and unwholesome way, and owing to the natural tendency of things to go wrong, if left to themselves, this requries some little degree of care. It may be sent to table light, as a French roll or a sponge cake, or it may be "a heavier weight than lead." By some it is considered to be improved by the addition of a few currants, and some even add raisins, but we will have none of them, though they were plenty as blackberries. Anything of this kind, from the plain suet to the festive plum, may be made at any time and part-boiled, after which it may be hung up in its native cloth, and will keep for months. To any of these we take a little melted butter and moist sugar, and with the richer sort do not object to brandy or even rum. Another good way of disposing of a plain suet pudding is to eat it with fresh boiled beef—a round especially. In the Bush, as a companion to their boiled beef or pork, an unscientific but wholesome pudding has been invented. Make a stiff flour paste of flour and water only; drop it in bits the size of a walnut into boiling water, and keep up the bubbling for five and twenty minutes. Of course, this process is not confined to a party camping out; you can make them at home, where one of them, we should imagine, would be "worth two in the bush!"

Of milk and other puddings the variety is so great within narrow limits that we can scarcely venture upon them. We have heard of a man objecting to rice pudding, as being too rich for the stomach, and

we should despair of suiting *him*. Several things have appeared on the table since we did much in the way of light puddings, such as Oswego, and various preparations of Indian corn, flour, and rice. They are usually eaten cold, with preserves of some kind, and are, no doubt, very good, but we have no violent affection for them.

Of course, the purest paste in the world is macaroni. Made from purest wheat flour, of a sort which contains a larger amount of gluten than English flour does, you may stew it gently with milk for an hour or two, and serve it with a little grated cheese on the top, just browned before the fire, or may drop it in fragments into boiling water for ten minutes and eat it, well drained, with your chop, boiled beef, or even slice of ham, in lieu of vegetables. When you have done so and enjoyed it, think twice before you say again, even once, "Oh! I never eat pastry!"

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE HAYMARKET COMPANY.

WE do not understand whether it is the hot weather, or the absence of Mr. Compton, or the fact that they did not, after their usual custom, inaugurate the season with the *School for Scandal*, that accounts for the somewhat sparse audience which assembled at the Theatre Royal last Monday night to welcome what remains of the Haymarket Company. We don't think that the weather, however oppressive, keeps the habitual play-goer from what he wants to see, and we doubt whether it is much more uncomfortable in a theatre than any other place. One may as well perspire in Peter Street as in Withington or Broughton. And as Mr. Compton never acted in *New Men and Old Acres*—the piece selected for the occasion—it cannot have been that his loss was particularly felt upon the first night. We are inclined to attribute the small audience to the comedy, which, though a very satisfactory one in its way, is not of the class of pieces with which the troop have made their mark upon the town. It was received, however, by the people who were there, with that discriminating approbation of merit which is characteristic of Manchester play-goers. We last year criticised the piece minutely. We have only to add that Mr. Howe now dresses his part better than he did then, and so has much improved it; and that Mr. Buckstone, jun., has now discarded the objectionable plaid suit, and appears in gorgeous costume. This young gentleman will never be a great performer, but he has improved since last year, though his pumping utterance is still a great defect. The members of the company look very well, and a year younger than they did last season. It is true that Mr. Compton, one of their incomparable members, and in this town the most popular of all, is absent, and his loss is grievous—almost more deplorable than Mr. Farren's—but the backbone of them, Mr. Chippendale, is here, apparently as well and sound and hearty as ever. We hope that larger audiences will assemble for the next two weeks to do honour to him and Mrs. Chippendale, Mr. Howe and Miss Madge Robertson. Their present stay is only eighteen nights.

NEWSPAPER CLEANSING IN MANCHESTER.

The *Saturday Review* of Saturday last was able to announce the capitulation of the *Standard*, which has at length yielded to the representations addressed to it, and has decided to exclude from its columns advertisements of pseudo-medical books and practitioners in obscenity and vice. Despite the published protest of its editor, the *Morning Advertiser* continues the practice, and in this respect stands alone among the London daily papers, morning or evening. Bad as the London press has been, however, the metropolitan corruption, says the *Saturday*, is not so complete as that of the provincial press. It proceeds to cite the Manchester papers as an illustration, and points specifically to the advertisement columns of two of the Manchester dailies and a Manchester weekly journal. Though strongly tempted, we shall abstain at present from quoting the scathing commentary of the *Saturday* upon the press of this city, in the hope that ere long the proprietors of the offending journals will see fit to remove the objectionable announcements from their pages. "The remedy," says the *Saturday*, "is within the reach of local public opinion. The *Eatanswill Gazette* can be starved, if it cannot be reasoned, into decency and propriety. Let decent folks in the country towns make their influence felt on local editors and local press proprietors. As they are open to interested and selfish influences in one direction, so let the screw be applied in another. Sordid gains must be confronted by a sordid retaliation. If the proprietors will continue to insert dirty advertisements, let all concerned know that they do it at the loss both of circulation and of other and inoffensive advertisements. Local newspapers can understand this, if they will not understand higher appeals." It is not unlikely, we hear, that an effort will shortly be made by influential gentlemen in this city to bring the power of public opinion to bear upon this subject with a view to the removal of the evil. We hope their intended movement may be rendered unnecessary by the prompt action of the parties concerned.

THE BISHOP AND THE SECULARISTS.

The Bishop of Manchester has done well to refuse to take up the gage of battle thrown him by the secularists, as they call themselves—the atheists, as they are (not quite justly) called by other people. Whether there is a God or not, and what manner of creator he may be, each man must think out for himself. It is not a theme for noisy disputation.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

The shifting character of theatrical companies now-a-days has attracted the attention of a critic in the *Times*, who speaks of a French comedian having been forty years in the same company in Paris, and laments that our players are buffeted from theatre to theatre, making part of companies that change with the season, if not with the piece. Mr. Buckstone, in closing his London season on Saturday, referred to this statement, and say that the Haymarket, at any rate, was an exception to it. "From the date on which I assumed the management of this theatre, now nearly eighteen years ago, the company has not been buffeted from theatre to theatre, neither have there been many changes in it. Indeed, amongst the gentlemen, the same names that appeared in the Haymarket play-bill of 1853, most of them are now to be found in the present play-bill of 1870." Mr. Buckstone may fairly congratulate himself, but we fear his is the exception which proves the rule. In the same speech, by the way, the manager promised new plays, after his return to London, by Mr. T. W. Robertson, Mr. Madison Morton, Dr. Westland Marston, and Mr. Boucicault. Mr. Robertson, we are glad to hear, has just returned to London from the Isle of Wight, in better health than he has enjoyed for some time past.

MANCHESTER *v.* BROUGHTON.

The first match this season between these two leading local cricket clubs was played on Friday and Saturday last, on the Broughton ground, and resulted in a draw. So far as the match was played, Manchester had the advantage. It is quite evident from past experience that, unless the players can begin earlier than they have got into the habit of doing, there is very little chance of the game being finished. Either such games should be made into three days' matches, or there should be an understanding that the result of the first innings should decide the matter. Broughton won the toss, and went to the wickets. The first three men were bowled for two runs. Mr. Fothergill and Mr. E. Wadsworth then made a good stand, the former scoring 64, when he was unfortunately run out, and the latter played a good innings of 28. Mr. J. Makinson followed, and ran up 31 in his usual well-known style, when he was caught and bowled by Reynolds, the Manchester professional. Almost all the remaining players got double figures, and the Broughton club's innings ended with the excellent score of 193. Reynolds' bowling was effective. He got seven wickets, bowled both slows and fast, and five maiden overs in succession. Manchester then went to the wickets. The weather was most oppressive and sultry and the light bad. Hickton, the Broughton bowler, was dead on the wicket, and Mr. Payne quite up to the mark. The Manchester men are very strong this year, and have so many of the best county players that they are seldom at a loss for a first eleven. They retain their old style of defence and hard hitting, which was conspicuous in the days when poor Tom Hunt, who lost his life at the Rochdale Station, was their guide, philosopher, and friend. When the wickets were drawn on Friday, five good men and true were out for 59 runs, and the hopes of Broughton

ran high that they would gain a victory. Mr. J. F. Leese, who is the very marrow of his grandfather, played a very good innings of 35. This gentleman also obligingly fielded for Broughton, as a substitute, for a considerable time, and fielded very well, too. On Saturday play was resumed about one o'clock, and shortly afterwards the brass band and the rain, with their accustomed punctuality, arrived together. The bowling was not equal to that of the previous day; and after the rain, which had fallen in torrents, the whole tone of the game changed. Mr. Nelson and Mr. Garnett, for Manchester, pegged away in the most telling style—the former scoring 79, and the latter 68, not out. There were two or three appeals for leg before wicket and some of the players thought it a very near thing, but the Broughton umpire decided not out, and an umpire's verdict is as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The atmosphere during the afternoon was like a vapour bath, and the band, as if in sympathy with Broughton, seemed to select the most dismal tunes. They ought to have played the Dead March in Saul. The Broughton players fielded in good style, Mr. Fothergill and Mr. Makinson specially distinguishing themselves. Mr. Mellor found plenty to do, and his exertions must have been equal to a day on foot with the harriers. Before the time for drawing the stumps had arrived, the rain again came down and put a stop to the game, Manchester having run up a score of 232 for the loss of seven wickets. The Manchester division were naturally hilarious, and the Broughton men hung their harps upon the willows of the adjoining bowling-green.

COUNTY MAGISTRATES.

It really is too bad that, in a hundred where it is alleged that there are more magistrates than policemen, or, as it is tersely put, "more beaks than bobbies," the business of sessions should be constantly impeded, and occasionally actually interrupted and suspended, by there not being in attendance any magistrate, of any sort, to form a bench, by sitting with the chairman in the chief court, or presiding with a brother magistrate in the subsidiary one. It is intolerable that men should accept a place upon the bench without the slightest intention of discharging its duties. Yet it would seem that, with a very few exceptions, they all do. On the first days of sessions, when there is a little bustle and excitement, they turn up in fine array. But when the sessions get advanced, and all is calmness, coolness, almost desolation, and real work, they stop away. This sort of thing cannot be suffered to go on. Magistrates are proud of their position: to act in this disgraceful way is, slowly but surely, to abolish themselves.

ANOTHER CRUSADE FOR THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."

On the same day that we directed the attention of the *Saturday Review* to the advertisements of quacks and tipsters in the daily papers of this town, that periodical adverted to them. Having, with the perhaps hopeless exception of the *Advertiser*, vanquished all the London daily papers it attacked—the *Standard* having at last surrendered—the crusader makes a passing reference to the country press, and then leaves its reform to local strictures. We cannot dispute that he has well earned some repose from his unsavoury task. But we should like the *Saturday* reviewer to next spend his Herculean energies upon another Augean stable which we have, with all the vigour in our power, attempted more than once to cleanse. And as we have repeatedly done what we could to hinder both abuses from enjoying their prosperity in peace and popularity, we feel no qualms in calling upon others to do service in both causes. Let the reviewer who has so successfully waged war against indecency in newspaper advertisements, now turn his lance against indecency upon the stage—not the indecency of the burlesque, which is, at least to the spectator, a comparatively innocent show of padded arms and legs, but the vulgarity, and coarse allusions, and equivocal situations of the farces which precede and follow the immaculate and high-toned staple entertainment, and which, we suspect, the critics seldom see. If the reviewer does ever rest his lance in this crusade, we hope he will not omit from his enterprise the farces of "the little theatre in the Haymarket," and the vagaries of its nobly sentimental manager.

TERM OF ENDEARMENT FOR THE INFANT "PLEDGE" OF A PAWNBROKER.—Poppet.

[LIVING MEN OF LETTERS.]

VICTOR HUGO.

THE Kings of the realms of Mind, those uncrowned monarchs who enter into our secret thoughts, and rule us from their graves, are very often opposed to the Kings of the World.

When the world has accepted a family for many years and there is a species of loyalty engendered in the poet's mind, he will symbolise the monarch in every virtue. She will be Una; she will be the "Fair virgin throned by the West;" she will make bubble upon the poet's lips honied adulation so sweet, so exaggerated, that we poor moderns stare and gape at the subserviency of a noble mind. But the greatness of the monarch must be identical with that of the country before a Spenser can allegorise, or a Shakespere can flatter. When the interests of the country and the spirit of Patriotism are separated from the King of Men, then the poet, without a moment's hesitation, casts his lot with his country. The Court poets of Charles I. were pretty singers, and there are noble verses of Lovelace that deserve to stand side by side with those of Milton. But we are speaking of the supreme Mind. There was no question, there could be no question, which side Milton would take.

> There can be made
> No sacrifice to God more acceptable
> Than an unjust and wicked king.

Thus he translates from Seneca; and through life, in evil or good report, he cast his lot in with the Commonwealth. So there could be no question in this case of Cæsarism on which side Victor Hugo, the supreme French mind of this century, would be when a vast shadow grew between Liberty and France; and absorbing the strength of many mediocrities, and leaning on the fears of the Bureaucracy, Louis Napoleon rolled back the progress of French liberty, and constituted himself the Autocrat of France. Let us add, that to us—although the crime of the 2nd of December cannot and should not be forgotten—Louis Napoleon has falsified many fears, and has made a better and even a nobler ruler than one could have supposed from the crooked ways in which he crept to the throne. But what an Englishman may forgive, a true Frenchman never can condone. Napoleon has his day—not even now so great as Victor Hugo on his little rocky asylum—and Hugo will have his: one will be Hugo the Great, the other Napoleon the Little.

This great French writer, who is so facile a master of so many subjects of his art that he puzzles us in which to name him greatest, and who is so daring that he dazzles and frightens weak critics into a yesty hatred of his name, was born in a stormy time. His mother, a proscribed Vendéan, wandered while yet a girl in the Bocage of La Vendée. Married to a Republican colonel, this sainted and excellent mother followed her husband as a soldier of Napoleon; and the child, Victor, born in the struggles of war, "began," as he said, "to traverse Europe before he began to tread the way of life."

Of all nonsense written as biographies, and there is much, perhaps that little one by Eugène de Mirecourt on Victor Hugo is the greatest. This gushing gentleman, who assures us in an airy way "that we speak of the mother of Hugo as we do of the mother of the Gracchi and the mother of Saint Louis," shall tell us, in his way, of the early years of Victor Hugo; but we will get snatches in bits from him, as too much effusion and French sentiment will not be good for English digestions. When he was sixteen—he was born on the 26th of February, 1802—Hugo wrote *Bug Jargal*, but he does not seem to have published it until after *Hans of Iceland*, which, says Mirecourt, "frightened the youth of all of us;" and he tells us that it was a Blue Beard story carried to the sublime, and a "statue bigger than nature, and carved in granite," which does not convey much to *us*. Soon after the publication of *Hans of Iceland*, which made him, says Mirecourt traditionally, hundreds of *enemies*, whereas we believe that a good book makes *friends*, Victor married Mademoiselle Fouchet at the beginning of 1823. The poet was twenty, the bride fifteen. "If they were rich," says gushing Mirecourt, "it was in love, in youth, and in hope;" and he quotes two or three beautiful verses addressed by Hugo to his wife, wonderfully neat, wonderfully epigrammatic, and especially French.

> C'est toi dout le regard éclaire ma nuit sombre
> Toi dont l'image luit sur non sommeil joyeux!
> C'est toi qui tiens ma main quand je marche dans l'ombre.
> Et les rayons du ciel me viennent de tes yeux.

We would translate the last, but are afraid that the savour will escape.

Mon Dieu! mettez la paix et la joie auprès d'elle
Ne troublez pas set jours, ils sont à vous, Seigneur!
Vous devez la bénir, car son ame fidèle
Demande à la vertu le sécret du bonheur!

Very pretty; a young fellow of twenty courageously marrying a girl of fifteen, and writing like that to her, is a spectacle to gods and men in these melted-butter days—especially a spectacle to Miss Becker, Emily Faithful, and the shrieking sisterhood. Poor little Madame Hugo—how they would have patronised and pitied her, rivetting her chains of slavery at that early age!

Victor Hugo had, with his father's consent, committed himself to a literary career; and in his studies he had been so successful that his pieces had been crowned, and he would have won more prizes but for his youth. The restoration of the royal family filled his father with despair, his mother with joy, and thus separated the parents. Loving his mother above all, as Frenchmen somehow will do, he rose to distinction as a Royalist poet, and received a pension from Louis XVIII., and years afterwards a peerage from Louis Philippe. He had, in spite of the love of his father for Napoleon I., depicted France as "Rachel weeping for her children, for they were not," and in half-a-dozen ballads he had proved his loyalty. But at heart he was free and republican.

Mirecourt, the "gusher," tells us that in the midst of poverty the young couple, whose united years only reached to middle age, retired to "a ravishing little house, No. 42, Rue Notre-dame-des-Champs, built like a convent, and hidden like a bird's nest in trees." "And there there was," says this miserable scribe, striking a pose as if he was making an epigram "there there was a summer dining-room with a terrace, and a winter dining-room." "On était reçu par Madame Hugo, l'ange du foyer." It would be odd if anyone else but a man's wife should welcome you, or be "the angel of the hearth," or, to be quite French, of the stove. Suffice it to say that in this little house, to which the profits of *Hans of Iceland* brought comfort, there came a circle of friends, and that Sainte Beuve formed there a club of which Hugo was chief. This club consisted of Dumas, Paul Foucher, Hugo, Méry Arnold, Fléury, and Sainte Beuve; and sometimes met with another club with Thiers, Mignet, Piesse, Armand Carrel, and others. Then the two clubs combined, upon which our French author bursts into an epigram, "On opérait une fusion des deux cénacles. *La poésie accueillait la politique et la traitait en sœur!*" Is it not sweet? We do not write like that *yet* in England.

In 1826 the *Odes and Ballads* of Victor Hugo betrayed the political change of his spirit. In 1827 he published a drama called *Cromwell*, in which he, by a preface, demolished Racine and the sticklers for unity, and asserted the freedom of the modern and Christian drama against the rules of Aristotle. Henceforth there was a struggle between these Unity-arians and Victor Hugo. The genius of Hugo was victorious; and we need not say what effect this had upon England, where *all* our plays are taken from the French, more or less *en gros ou en détail*. In *Cromwell*, in *Ernani*, *Marian Delorme*, *Le Roi s'amuse*, *Lucrèce Borgia*, *Marie Tudor*, *Angelo*, *La Esméralda*, *Les Burgraves*, and especially in that very great drama, *Ruy Blas*, Victor Hugo carried out his principles with triumph.

Let us now for a moment look at his Poems, of which, by the way, some of the most beautiful have been very finely translated by Robert Brough, in the *Train;* and it is there that the genius of the man will more especially be found. In every one of these there are signs of genius and marks of grace; there is also a neatness of workmanship which is admirable in contrast with our careless writers. Take, for instance, this little gem, which we have translated line for line:—

THE FLOWER AND THE BUTTERFLY.

The lowly flower to its airy guest
Whispered, "Oh, stay!
How different are our lots, while here I rest
Thou fliest away!
Fliest and cometh back, and fliest again,
To play elsewhere;
Yet at each morn thou findest me the same:
Bedewed with tears.
Ah, that our love may pass in faithful days,
Oh, my Heart's King!
By me take root; or, if thou will not stay,
Let me take wing!"

Les *Chants du Crepuscule* sont remplis d'une multitude de petits chefs-d'œuvre, says Mirecourt, and here we agree with him. Everywhere one finds the hand of a master. *Les chansons des rues et des bois* have, however, a criticism which pleases the Swinburian fancy; and *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, says our gusher, is a veritable insult to Providence; but then Mirecourt does not live at Jersey, and has not seen the struggle of the elements.

But it is as a prose writer that Hugo is by far the greatest, greater than as a poet or a dramatist. As chief of the Romantic Drama, he pushed the meaning of the word to something far higher and nobler than it had ever covered before. In his wonderful story of *Notre Dame*, in the veritable creations of the hunchback Quasimodo, the priest Claud Frollo struggling with his guilty love, the innocent gipsy Esmeralda, the young author had given a proof of his genius; but his greatest strength was reserved for his years of exile, of banishment, of reflection, of the struggle of a giant against his fate. As an exile, a blind Homer, he has sung of man's struggle not only with the elements, but with education and society, as an Æschylus has pictured and sung of the fore-doomed troubles of Orestes.

We have said that Hugo was made by the citizen king, Louis Philippe, a peer of France. In England we put our men of genius in a melancholy ruin of a Poet's Corner in a huge lump, where the fame of one may neutralise that of the other, and the memories and reflections that arise from the grave of Dickens may effectually be driven away by glancing at the busts of Shakspere and Thackeray. In France, either in persecution or in reward, they do recognise their genius. Made a peer by Louis Philippe, Hugo was elected by the Republicans first to the Constituent and then to the National Assemby, wherein his eloquence was noted. He wrote certain very warlike *Lettes du Rhin*, and with consistent inconsistency was president of a Peace Society. The Crime of December, when Louis Napoleon's troops shot down some hundreds of the people and some tens of the elected of France, going in their perfect legality to meet in their National Commons House, set Hugo in violent opposition. He flew first to Brussels, then to England, where he wrote a somewhat violent letter to the Queen upon some criminal very properly condemned to death; then he fled to Jersey, and now, and has since, resided in a sister island at Hauteville House. Here he lives with his two sons, Charles and Victor, and a daughter, Mdlle. Adèle Hugo, with, of course, the mother, Madame Hugo, as tenderly loved as ever. From his island he sent forth his scorching satire *Napoleon le Petit* and *Les Chatiments*, but paper pellets cannot move one who relies only upon *chassepôts* and *armes de précision*.

His great works since his exile have been *Les Miserables* and *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*. In one he pictured man struggling against social wrong; in the other in his struggle with fate and the elements. In many respects faulty, these are yet in many others the greatest tragic and romantic works of the century. We are promised another "1793," which will complete a kind of trilogy. Madame Hugo also promises a life of her husband, detailing not only his great works, but his many unostentatious acts of charity. Perhaps Victor Hugo, by his weekly dinners to poor children, dinners of meat and bread and wine, was the first to give the impulse to the movement for feeding the poor which the English have since so thoroughly and systematically caught up. If, as the dull ones say, genius is mad, it is with a benevolent fine madness that Hugo is rightly possessed. Hugo has never ceased to protest against wrong and tyranny; never ceased to hope in the grand future of the world.

We have not here room for criticism; it would be either insufficient, or far too long. We must, therefore, end with a sketch of the poet. Years ago, for he triumphed when young, he had introduced the taste for old armour, tapestry, painted windows, mediæval costume, and those admirably beautiful relics of old furniture which is now so prevalent in Paris and in London. Herein we authors are really of some use to you prosaic upholsterers and architects; you fat and greasy citizens are made to understand how nice your county-box may be made,

through the author, if you please, Mr. Pugwash. And Mr. Chasuble, to Walter Scott and Hugo *you* owe some of your chances of bringing back lecterns, singing boys, processions, introits, and other church matters—yes, here we are of use. In a mediæval hall in an ancient hotel, garnished with arms and massive furniture, the young poet and his wife, with their children playing before them, looked the true grande dame and seigneur of the old time that their friend Louis Boulanger, portrait painter to the family, has represented them. In their little English house at Hauteville, in the sea-worn island won by the English from the Normans, and still retaining its Norman customs and its singular rights, a vigorous white-headed man of sixty, with an iron grey beard, hair cut short, broad chest and shoulders, face marked with the frequent foot of time, eyes that stare out eagle-like from the bold countenance, is a man, like John Florio of Elizabeth's time, still resolute, still hoping for the federation of the peoples; still dreaming those dreams which you and we have forgotten, and weaker people never had. By him is an ancient lady, once his bride of fifteen, but now his consoler, his counseller, and his guide. To them come the haters of kings, the political Implacables, the tribunes of the people, the exiles from many lands, the poor, the broken-hearted, the hopeless. But Victor Hugo has for each and all some heart-stirring noble words, some deep feeling to appeal to; and as the silver-haired lady clasps his hands and looks into his face, as he still fulminates against the triple anarchy (Nature, and Government, and Fate) which bind down aspiring man, she repeats his own noble lines *(Le poëte en des jours impies)* which we have here attempted to translate :—

The Poet in these days of Wrong
Moulds and prepares a better time;
Utopian is this man of song,
Earth-bound his feet, his thought sublime!
He looks above our little heads
To all time! Prophet-like he stands,
And holds, or scorned or praised or blamed,
A torch upreared in sacred hands.
The light he trims in days of crime
Will brighten all our Future Time.

WORKMENS' CARS.

THE public are indebted to the Manchester Carriage Company for an idea—positively, an original idea. Yes, improbable as it may sound, in this advanced state of civilisation, when it is said that there is nothing new under the sun, when everything seems "chawed up," hackneyed, done to death, a wholly original idea is conceived and promulgated—and whom by? Of all the people in the world, by that "intolerable omnipotence," that "bloated corporation," that "overgrown monopoly," the Manchester Carriage Company. Not content with establishing strong claims upon the public gratitude, as providing it with an inexhaustible subject for complaint and grievance in the depth of this dull season, that "heartless, mindless, bodiless, and soulless" corporation gives birth to a positively new idea, and provides exhausted writers with a totally new theme.

It is in contemplation to inaugurate a system of conveyances, for short routes of about a mile, at penny fares. The cars to be used for this service are a combination of the wagonette and Irish car, capable of carrying forty passengers. The seats, each holding ten, are in four rows. Passengers on the outside rows will sit with their feet overhanging the wheels, in jaunting-car fashion. Those on the inside rows as in a wagonette. The driver's perch is separate, and raised above the rest. The seats are made of that wire gauze-work now used for the tops of omnibuses, which contributes so much to the passengers' soreness in fine weather, but dryness in wet. As these cars have no roofs, they are the best adapted seats for the occasion. But we do not see as yet why roofs like those upon the Pendleton 'bus-tops should not be fitted on these vehicles.

The two that have already been constructed made their first appearance upon any stage, on Saturday, when their appearance about one o'clock, in Market Street, attracted a good deal of notice, and apparently approval. They are inscribed "Workman's car—fare, one penny," and their principal function is expected to be the conveyance of artizans to and from their work in various parts of the town. We understand the routes are not arranged, but that the first experiment will very likely be from All Saints to the top of Market Street, every quarter of an hour.

The company which contemplates establishing these vehicles comes in for a large measure of public abuse—perhaps, because it has brought omnibus service to a pitch of perfection which is acknowledged everywhere, except in Manchester, to be such as has not been attained in any other city in the world. We really think that it deserves some credit, even at the hands of its most malignant detractors, for establishing the hitherto unknown fare of one penny. It has almost equalled the deserts of "Johnson," and those other individual proprietors who, according to the writers to the papers, run their 'buses for the profit and advantage of the public only.

UP AND DOWN IN STRETFORD ROAD.

WHEN you take a quarter of an hour to get from Oxford Road to that corner of Grosvenor Square which is nearest to Old Trafford, it cannot be called very fast walking. We managed, however, to do it just within that time, about a fortnight since, without the aid of an omnibus, and we have since then begun again where we before left off, and putting on what we believe is called a "spurt," we managed to get past the Union Offices, where one, or properly speaking, two can get united in some kind of matrimony without banns or bands, or priest or parson, or any kind of "sectarian"—isn't that the fashionable word?—interference of any kind, all for a few shillings. The back of the establishment seems, from the difference in the architecture, to be the work of a later age, and is devoted, somewhat inconsistently, to various other uses.

Looking round we found we had been all this time turning our back upon the Church, or Chapel, rather. This seems now to go by the name of Cavendish Chapel. What the creed of Cavendish or the Cavendishes is, we don't quite know. It used to be called the Independent Chapel, from all the congregation being independent and coming to chapel in their own carriages; so we have been told at least, and we have certainly seen as many carriages waiting there some time about mid-day of a Sunday as would hold a moderate sized congregation. The name of the present minister of this sacred fane is represented by a smear of blue paint on the notice-board, and is a good deal more like what art-critics call a "daub," than several pictures we have seen either at the Royal Institution or even in the Town Hall. Dr. Parker, who ministered here, seems to have left the sheep of this fold and gone to look after the Poultry, but the chapel is not open, so we must on.

Next we come to a haughty-looking row of houses that have turned their backs, as if in disdain, upon the street, and yet they may be real fronts after all. Does'nt universal Manchester live in its back parlours? *Fronti nulla fides*—put no faith in the front room—think not to guess from that what the rest of the house is like. You may look in and see a bright round table, or one covered with a gay cloth, on which are a few gilt-edged books placed at maddeningly regular intervals from each other, and a large book, say Shakespere in one volume illustrated, in the middle (often crowned on Sunday by the best bonnet); but it is not a room ever used above once or twice a year at most, except, perhaps, to be cleaned once every month or two, and scrubbed till it shines again.

Stands Knot Mill where it did?—for here we have shows in perennial bloom. On a large area on our left hand, the site of a defunct timber-yard, you may see, any evening in winter, Cheap Jack on a platform, in front of a temple as resplendent as paint and paraffin can make it, vaunting his wares and selling them—anything from rings to rhinoceros marrow, from saws to soap—just as he sees the cat jump; and his constant refrain loud rings out, "Sold again and got the money!" At other times shows, such as we had previously seen only at fairs, take up their quarters. Hither Manders wanders, with the pelican of the wilderness and that tarnation little cuss, the laughing hyena, with animals of more serious aspect. Swinging boats, also, and merry-go-rounds delight the juveniles. At present the most prominent object is a kind of shooting-gallery, without the gallery. Between the compartments which form the drawing-room and the sleeping apartment of the proprietor, a large

circular opening is seen, and you gaze down a tube of some ten or twelve yards in length to the "long range" target at the end. On each side presides a model representative of the British army—here, a Highlander who has quitted his native snuff shop, and there, a most melancholy mud-thumper. On Sunday when we passed one of the inmates was seated on the steps eating something from a basin, like Mrs. Jarley's assistant at the wax-work show.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad, how many shops I see, and particularly in Stretford Road. How in the world do all these good folks get a living? There must be many things that are never sold, and such a large proportion of them cannot possibly afford any sustenance to their owers. If you sell, or attempt to sell, bread, or keep a butcher's shop, you can, at all events, eat part of what you cannot dispose of; but you can't eat fringe or gloves, though we have tasted their finger ends in our younger days. Even a well kept print would not necessarily be tender. Our opinion is that a large portion of the inhabitants of Stretford Road, and what is called in shopkeepers' language, its "vicinity," live upon boots. Taking the number of bootshops, and multiplying them or doing some other kind of a sum—rule of three perhaps—by the quantity in the windows, you get an amount of boots which would suffice for all Manchester. They must be consumed on the premises. Some of the shops endeavour to distinguish themselves by novelty of title, such as the Boot Hall or the Boot Exchange. "'Tis merry in the Hall, when boots wag all," one might say, but they don't wag, there is'nt a wag among them, for all their elastic sides, as if they came prepared for any amount of "inextinguishable laughter." There seems some sense in a boot exchange, if they would do like Aladdin's uncle and take old boots for new. We should rather like to meet with a place of that kind. We have only some little prejudice in favour of a fit, and with that, the sides may be as elastic as our own conscience, and we hav'nt in this respect, a soul above buttons.

Of the other shops, those of a light and miscellaneous character, including men's and women's *conscia recti*, and other such haberdashery, are next in order of predominence. Then the linen-draper bold, and next, we rather think, the cigar shops. Time was that when you walked up Stretford Road there was a druggist's shop or a "medical hall" at nearly every corner you came to—on the right-hand side, at least, for there is considerable difference between the two sides of the road. The right-hand side from All Saints seems the best side of the two, but there are shops on the left-hand, excellent in their way, which would'nt be open for six months if they crossed the road. Some of the windows again display an infinite variety. A draper's will one day have muslins, parasols, and the now all-pervading white woollen mantle; while the next time you pass you have only quilts of Bolton, white and cold shivery-looking sheets, and heavy cumuli of blankets. So of that of the last of the Saxon Kings, Vortigern and Co., limited, who is at one time great in stoves and such heavy gear, and the next day outdoes Mephibosheth in beds and basins.

In others, an eternal and melancholy sameness seems to reign. Why is that polished steel fender which we have seen in the broker's window every day for the last two years not polished off yet? It may, to be sure, be only a kind of sign or advertisement that such things are, and copies or duplicates may be had within upon terms. Which reminds us that the Lombardy Arms are only displayed about the early part of the road; their windows hold curious miscellanies of dirty "debashed" looking things, articles that have forfeited their own self-respect along with their original ownership, and seem to sigh, like another kind of Lotos eaters—we may return no more! And there is in others a sameness which pierces through all change. How often has that boiled ham and semi-warm round of beef been brought whole on to the counter, or displayed in the window of what we some time since christened the supper shop, on the left hand side, and been carved at and eaten of by admiring customers, *quorum* occasional *pars fui*, and yet they are there any time from Sunday afternoon to Saturday night. This is the nearest approach to the ham and beef shop of the Metropolis that we know of in Manchester. But they go on with other things not comprised in a strictly legitimate business of the kind—fowls, ducks, and birds—and then they wander off into brightly varnished cakes and pies, and things, not omitting supplies of that celebrated cure for love—cold pudding.

If not exactly moral itself, Stretford Road has the outward visible sign or semblance of morality. It seems to have three publics—the first, on the left hand, and two on the right,—one intimating, we suppose, by its sign, the Dolphin, that you may drink like a fish, a course we should certainly take and confine ourself to water for the rest of our days, sooner than enter such a dirty, unwholesome-looking place. The third is an imposing-looking place, with a doorway as large as that of a shipping warehouse. To match these it has four places of worship, the Irvingite Chapel, Holy Trinity (otherwise Miss Atherton's) Church, Zion Chapel (one of the Cavendish order), and St. Paul's, a disagreeable-looking place, as if built by an artist in gingerbread, from a plan made in small squares for Berlin-wool work. Many others there are a short distance off the road—St. Philip's, of the Birley's, on the right, not to be confounded with that temple of the energetic M.P. for Bury and others in Church Street; Pugin's massive and uncompleted work, St. Wilfrid's, further up and off to the right; and St. Mary's aisle, with its graceful spire, standing almost on the site of the ground where we have watched Lea Birch's batting and Sherman's bowling for many an hour.

Now, the further you go up the road the better the shops become, till they culminate in excellence at Tamworth Street or Chorlton Road, after which they become smaller and fewer till they cease altogether; and there are the pairs or terraces of private houses with trim little gardens in front, and here and there a gap, still unbuilt on, through which the air comes fresh and pleasant from the country round Stretford and beyond.

But if thou wouldst view this Stretford Road aright go visit it when the gas shines bright. At all events don't "go when the morning shineth," for its about the only thing that does. The shopman, innocent as yet of a clean collar, is dusting the shop and re-arranging the goods, and they of the household are dividing the spoil of cleaning, dressing, cooking, and all those other mysterious thousand things which women do or say they do, and both wish you far enough. It is at evening that Stretford Road comes out, especially on a Saturday night; then all seem to look their best. The shops of various kinds are crowded. One or two opposite Holy Trinity Church, evidently favourites with the younger part of womanhood, have even their windows so thronged with admiring gazers that to walk on the footpath is next to impossible. The promenaders, male and female, are released from their week's work, and having got their wages, they feel careless and happy. Some of the young men have the habit, inconvenient to others rather, of sauntering along at a slow pace, three or four in a row, and leaving clouds of by no means agreeable tobacco smoke in their wake. It seems to smell more of shavings and bees-wax than of the Indian weed, and the only way to escape it is to make a quick détour on to the road and back again. The girls, too,—we beg pardon—young ladies from the shop, the workroom, or the sewing machine, show a marvellous acquaintance with the last new freak of fashion, and present it to you in their own little way as they walk up and down,—little "daffocks," as an old lady of our acquaintance calls them. It is a natural and harmless vanity, and costs no more than their brothers' pipes and "gills." One thing about the people in general is, that they seem to have no notion of keeping to their own side of the footpath, and this renders it rather difficult to get along, and it is impossible to teach a crowd. However, it is a free country, and this peculiarity is among the humours of Stretford Road.

"YOUR WIDELY CIRCULATED JOURNAL."

A few days since our contemporary, *Fun*, quoted a newspaper which he called *The Manchester Standard*. We were not previously aware of the existence of Mrs. Harris in Manchester. Betsy Prig declared, on a memorable occasion, that there was "no sich person." Until we see a copy of the sheet quoted by *Fun*, we must needs believe, with Betsy, that there's "no sich newspaper." It is a journal of the imagination, and, as Dr. Watts might say, "The mind's the *Standard* of the man" who penned the paragraph about it.

CAN IT BE TRUE?—A rumour is current in London that *Punch* is about to become a comic journal. We do not vouch for its accuracy.

MPSON'S Copyright PERFUMES, Piccadilly Bouquet, the Portland Bouquet, Hampson's Perennial Essence, Chemist, 63, Piccadilly.

GREAT NORTHERN, AND MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAYS.

A CHEAP EXCURSION TO

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(KING'S CROSS STATION),

WILL RUN AS UNDER,

ON MONDAY, 18TH JULY,

Returning from King's Cross at 11-0 a.m. on Friday, 22nd July.

STATIONS.	TIME.	Fares to London (King's Cross) and back.	
	morn.	Cvd. Car	1st Cls.
MANCHESTER (Lon. Rd.) dep	10 10		
OLDHAM (Clegg St.) ... ,,	9 40		
STALYBRIDGE ..... ,,	9 50		
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DUKINFIELD ..... ,,	9 57		
HAYFIELD ..... ,,	8 40	15s.	25s.
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MARPLE ..... ,,	8 57		
HYDE ..... ,,	9 9		
GUIDE BRIDGE ..... ,,	10 20		
GODLEY JUNCTION .. ,,	10 30		

Tickets, Bills, and every information can be had in Manchester, at the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Booking Offices; also at 6, Brown Street (opposite the Post Office); at the above Stations, and usual Agents.

R. G. UNDERDOWN,
General Manager.

London Road Station, Manchester, June, 1870.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY AT

MATLOCK.

EVERY SATURDAY until OCTOBER 29th, RETURN TICKETS, at the following low Fares, will be issued from the undermentioned Stations to MATLOCK BATH, by the Midland Company's route, by any of the Ordinary Trains on Saturday, available for Return by any Train up to the following Monday Evening.

STATIONS.	FARES. 1st Class.	2nd Class
	s. d.	s. d.
MANCHESTER	9 6	7 0
GUIDE BRIDGE	9 0	6 6
STOCKPORT (Teviot Dale Station)	8 6	6 0

In Manchester, Tickets will be issued at Cook's Excursion Office, 43, Piccadilly; and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station.

JAMES ALLPORT,
Derby, May 21, 1870. General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY.

AT

BUXTON.

EVERY SATURDAY until OCTOBER 29th, 1870, RETURN TICKETS at the following low Fares will be issued from the undermentioned Stations to BUXTON by any of the Ordinary Trains, available for Return by any Train up to the following Monday Evening.

	1st Cls.	2nd Cls.
	s. d.	s. d.
MANCHESTER	6 0	4 6
STOCKPORT (Teviot Dale)	5 0	3 6
STALYBRIDGE	5 0	3 6
GUIDE BRIDGE	5 0	3 6

In MANCHESTER, Tickets are issued at Cook's Excursion Office, 43, Piccadilly, and at the Midland Booking Office, London Road Station.

Derby, June, 1870. JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

Proprietors—The Prince's Theatre Company, Limited.

LAST NIGHT OF LITTLE EM'LY.

TO-NIGHT (Thursday), at half-past seven,

For the BENEFIT of Mr. G. W. ANSON, Stage Manager.

A MODEL OF A WIFE;

and, at eight o'clock, the great Olympic Drama,

LITTLE EM'LY,

By Andrew Halliday,

adapted by special permission of the late Charles Dickens, from his favourite novel,

"David Copperfield."

Commence at half-past seven.—Box office open daily from 11 to 2.

PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

Proprietors—The Prince's Theatre Company, Limited.

The Eminent Comedian,

Mr. J. L. TOOLE,

accompanied by Mr BILLINGTON, Mr. JOSEPH ELDRED, and Miss KATHARINE IRWIN,

will appear for TWO NIGHTS ONLY.

Friday next, 15th July: DEARER THAN LIFE; scenes from PAUL PRY; concluding with THE WEAVERS, introducing his Popular IMITATIONS and LECTURES.

Saturday next, 16th July: DOT; THE STEEPLE-CHASE; with his IMITATIONS and LECTURES; and ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS.

Prices as usual.—Box office open daily from eleven to two.

PRINCE'S THEATRE.

Proprietors—The Prince's Theatre Co. Limited.

The eminent artiste,

MR. COMPTON,

Having seceded from the Haymarket Company, will have the honour of making his re-appearance in Manchester, at the

PRINCES THEATRE,

ON MONDAY, 1ST AUGUST.

In preparation, a new Comedy, by

TOM TAYLOR,

in which

MR COMPTON

Will sustain the principal part, written expressly for him.

PRINCE'S THEATRE.

The ANNUAL SHAKSPERIAN REVIVAL for the coming Autumn will be the historical play,

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF RICHARD III.

From the text of Shakspere, arranged for representation by Charles Calvert, and illustrated historically by the most eminet artists of the day in every branch of stage accessory.

Further particulars will be shortly announced.

ALEXANDRA HALL,
PETER STREET, MANCHESTER.

Sole Lessees.....J. & W. S. BOOTH.

SATURDAY, 16th JULY, LAST NIGHT OF

ZOO-ZOO!

The most Elaborate Ballet ever produced in Manchester; also of the

SPANISH MINSTRELS & THE RAMSDEN FAMILY.

MONDAY, the 18th inst., by Special Desire, will be re-produced the

CAN-CAN,

Introducing the Amusing Burlesque, LE CHATEAU ROUGE CAN-CAN, by Messrs. FRENCH, LANGLEY, and BARNES, and Mdlle. LUCELLE. Also, the Fantastical Skit,

THE FRENCH M.C., OR LE BAL A PARIS.

First Appearance at this Hall of the renowned

JOHN BLANCHARD, Comic Vocalist;

Miss ANNIE HOWELL, Serio-Comic, Miss AGNES HOWARD, Ballad Vocalist, &c.; great success of HARRY and CLARA BURNLEY, the Clever Duettists.

Doors open at 7-30, commence at 8. Saturdays, half an hour earlier.

Admission:—Body of Hall, 1s.; Galleries, 6d.

J. McCAMBRIDGE, General Manager.

ALEXANDRA HALL,
PETER STREET.

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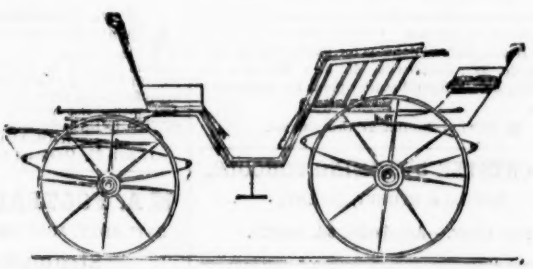

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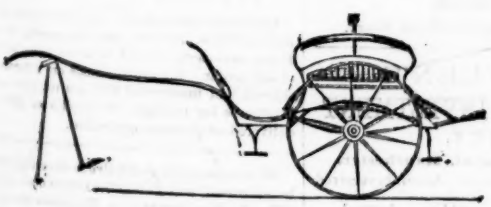

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